Boston, March 5, 1838.

My dear Mother:

I know you too well to think, for one moment, that you have upbraided me on account of the fewness of the letters which I transmit to the dear family circle in Brooklyn; but because you are disposed to be kind and forgiving, it by no means follows that I am not deserving of some strong motherly rebukes. Certainly, some one of the family ought to receive a few lines from me as often as once a week; and to write them seems but the labor of a very few moments; but, somehow, you know I am given to procrastination, (even in cases where my love is alike undoubted and unequivocal,)-and other engagements continually pressing upon me, week after week passes without your receiving what is, by every filial consideration, your due — to wit, a letter from W. S. G.

Before this arrives, you will probably have received a letter from Helen, by our friend Daniel Clapp, who called to see us on Friday last, in company with Percy Peck of Coventry. Of course, you are apprised of the fact, that for two or three weeks past I have been severely troubled with what is supposed to be an attack of the scrofula in my head. I have suffered a good deal of anguish, and although somewhat relieved at present, am by no means well. I feel wholly incapacitated to attend to my editorial labors, both reading and writing being painful to me, and my head being filled with confusion instead of order. Indeed, it is quite an effort for me to write this letter. Bro. George has written to me, with all a brother's earnestness and affection, urging me to try a full course of the Thomp-

sonian treatment, and encouraging me to "go ahead" by a recital of the benefit he has recently experienced at the infirmary in Providence. Most of my friends here are afraid to have me make the experiment; but bro. G. tells me to mind nobody but himself, for he will ensure a speedy cure — to throw aside prejudice, &c. &c. Tell him that, instead of being prejudiced against, I have long been in favor of the steaming process. Tell him, further, that though he may have found relief in his case, it does not necessarily follow that I shall in mine. But tell him, finally — and that is all he will ask — that I have made up my mind to go into a Thompsonian infirmary on Thursday next, under bro. Hines's auspices, and mean to make a thorough trial. Bro. H. is of opinion, that I shall need a good many courses to effect a permanent cure, but he is sanguine, like bro. George, that I shall immediately derive benefit to my system. I can but try, at all events. You shall be informed of the result without delay.

It is very amusing to listen to the many kind but conflicting suggestions of my friends. One knows of a notable cure of scrofula that was effected by the patient drinking freely of lime water. Another proposes the external and internal use of nitric acid as a remedy. A third recommends a solution of arsenic, sometimes called "Fowler's tasteless tooth-ache drops." A fourth advises the use of Swaim's Panacea. A fifth says there is nothing like sarsaparilla tea — sarsaparilla syrup — sarsaparilla pills. (By the way, I have used several bottles of the

syrup, but in vain.) A sixth says, try lobelia and steaming.— A seventh says, be a Grahamite, take no medicine, and you will soon be better. (I live in a very simple manner.)

The disorder seems to be wholly confined to my ears, externally swelling them, and internally causing a high state of inflammation, the discharge of matter, &c. Hence, it affects my brain, so as to render its exercise not only difficult but hazardous.

I felt distressed to hear that bro. George had been ill, but was greatly relieved by his letter. I am afraid that he will get the notion into his head, that a dose of lobelia and a hot bath will save him at any moment, and that thus he will grow careless of his health, and labor too abundantly. Remind him that death is the portion of us all, and beseech him to take good care of himself.

My heart is with you all in Brooklyn, and the desire I feel to see you once more in the flesh is very strong. Whether we shall ever meet again on earth, is of course among the uncertainties of life; still, we may cherish the hope. One thing is sure — separate we must, eventually; and for this occurrence we should be at all times prepared. But death cannot disunite those souls in whom dwelleth the love of God, for they have "eternal life".

How your parental heart would leap for joy, if you could see our dear babe! He is really a noble boy, and excites the admiration of all who see him. I think George Thompson,

beautiful as he was as an infant, was not so fair and bright looking as is his brother. Both of them are precious, beyond all estimation. Loving them with a father's love, how can I help abhorring that hideous system of slavery, which would make them, if their skin was of a different hue, mere chattels, to be torn from my arms at any moment?

Single 10

PAID

Mrs. Sarah J. Benson,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

I feel under additional obligations to bro. Benson, for his letter informing me of the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention in Hartford. Connecticut seems to be nobly coming up to the rescue. Leap in your chains, ye slaves!

From sister May, at Providence, I hear nothing. — Dear Helen is well, and unites with me in proffering loving remembrances to all at home. Affectionately, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.